

Grey Skies by YippeKiYayTrashmouth

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Genre: Bill Denbrough & Richie Tozier Are Best Friends, Bill Denbrough is a Good Friend, Bill Denbrough-centric, Bill denbrough loves richie tozier, Bisexual Bill Denbrough, Bisexual Richie Tozier, Boys In Love, Boys Kissing, Cute, Fluff, Kissing, M/M, Mutual Pining, Pining, Richie Tozier Has ADHD, Richie Tozier Loves Bill Denbrough, Richie Tozier appreciation post, Richie Tozier is a Dork, Richie Tozier is a Good Friend, Richie Tozier-centric, Richie tozier is beautiful, Soft Bill Denbrough, Soft Richie Tozier, bichie - Freeform, i love reddie but the other ships deserve love as well, richie and bill's friendship was amazing in the book, we need more bichie

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Summary:

The day was perfect. There was nothing else to say about it. It wasn't the definition of perfect that people expected, because it wasn't a sunny day, or a breathtaking rainbow day. The sky was grey, almost white, immaculate, and Bill wouldn't have it any other way.

Grey Skies

Author's Note:

Heyy! Here's a Bichie fanfic because there's a cruel lack of them. Their friendship was just amazing in the book and i'm surprised there isn't more people that ship them. Anyway, they were the closest Losers in the book according to me and I thought I could write a cute little something for this beautiful ship. I absolutely love Reddie but I think the other ships deserve attention too so here we are! Hope you like it! ;)

*Sorry for the mistakes, I wrote that very quickly

The day was perfect. There was nothing else to say about it. It wasn't the definition of perfect that people expected, because it wasn't a sunny day, or a breathtaking rainbow day. The sky was grey, almost white, immaculate, and Bill wouldn't have it any other way. The light was more pure this way, brighter and just more natural than when the sun is shining so intensely that you can't even raise your head to look at the sky without squinting. This day was authentic: it was grey, like most things in life. There isn't just wonderful blue skies with a burning sun nor just black clouds filled with the electric energy of lightning and the low, vibrating rumble of thunder. In reality, it was more often something in between. It was duller than incandescent stars illuminating the whole world, but it was less depressing than droplets of cold rain falling down the dark sky. In a certain way, it was beautiful. This light coming from the grey and boring sky illuminated the rest of the world differently than the white flashes of lightning or the yellowish glow of sunlight did. It made you remark all the other little things that you wouldn't notice any other day because you were too focused looking at the sky. On these days with grey skies, people would concentrate on the road ahead of them, on the persons around them, on the colors surrounding them. They would look at those little things they had seen every other day but that they hadn't brought their attention on and they would realize how magnificent they were. It would be like seeing through new eyes

and discovering the world under a new perspective. But then, the night would fall and a new day would come and everything would be forgotten. People would raise their heads again and stare at the sky.

There was someone different from all those people though. A boy that never stopped to be amazed by everything he saw, every bug, flower, animal, rock, and more. He never got tired of looking around him rather than above him. His eyes lighted up everytime he noticed something new and they filled with an unwavering wonder, with a thirst of knowledge and with unmistakable interest. He would always tell his friends with a voice filled with excitement to *look, this is the prettiest butterfly I've ever seen! Look at this, have you ever seen something so incredible? What type of bird is that? It's stunning!* He would ask to know more, always more, because it was so *gorgeous* and he needed every information possible about it. This boy was always vibrating with energy, life buzzing under his skin, vitality coursing through his veins. His mind worked a thousand miles a minute, so fast that he could hardly keep up with it. He would run around, completely restless, because this energy he had was impossible to keep bottled up. It poured out of his pores every seconds of every days and it buzzed around him like some kind of magnetic field. It was like a powerful aura, an indefinable energy that seemed to dance around him, to move in sync with his lively mind. Once, pretty much everyone had been that way, when they were kids. Slowly but surely, as the years flew by, this buzzing force had faded, until it had completely vanished. It was replaced by something calmer, more serious and more still. But for this boy, it never disappeared. He continued humming with energy and never stopped to be amazed, to dream and to wonder. He noticed that his entourage stopped synchronising with his expeditious pace, that they stopped seeking adventure and new discoveries, stopped living like there was no limits, stopped being free. They rolled their eyes when he got excited about a new type of flower he found, they told him to shut up when he ranted about a new passion and they scolded him when he got distracted by a fascinating bug. They told him to stop moving around all the time, to sit still and to slow down. However, Bill didn't want this boy to stop and become like everyone else. This unremitting curiosity made him the most beautiful person of all.

So, instead of looking at the grey sky, Bill focused on the things

around him, that were just as lovely if you gave them just the tiniest bit of attention. His eyes landed on that boy, who was more magnificent than the brightest sun, the most colorful galaxy or the flashiest bolt of lightning. Who was fascinating because of that way he had to just exist.

Bill observed Richie attentively, paying attention to every details. They were both sitting on the grass of the Barrens, surrounded by the luxuriant vegetation. Richie loved the Barrens a lot: there was so much to explore and to discover. There, he could run around and talk fast and buzz with energy as much as he liked, because there was nobody to try to restrain him. He could be himself without dreading to become a target for bullies or to get reprimanded by an austere and bitter adult. For now though, he was just sitting beside Bill, leaning against his side and watching the landscape with wide and inquisitive eyes. His fingers were drumming along the melody of some song probably stuck in his head on Bill's leg.

In the grey light, Richie looked a little bit like a statue. A real piece of art. His skin was as pale as white marble and his jawline and cheekbones were well-defined and sharp, just like he had been sculpted carefully by a passionate artist. But at the same time, he had that raw edge in his eyes that make him look like he was an unfinished project. Like he hadn't had all the retouches to make him flawless, even according to a perfectionist. But it was that incomplete side that made him perfect. Bill wished he could reach up and trace his acute traits with his finger. Richie's hair formed some kind of dark halo around his face and scratch that, he looked like an actual angel. The soft wind ruffled his curls slightly and the way one strand fluttered along the breeze was almost hypnotizing. The light reflected in the lenses of his glasses, sending white flashes in Bill's eyes. Richie's freckles were subtle and it was like someone had flicked a paintbrush in front of his face to splash them on his nose, with the same technique painters used to illustrate stars.

"Look at this Bill! It's so beautiful," Richie murmured, breaking the peaceful, almost solemn silence. Bill glanced at his dreamy, awed expression, before looking in the direction he was pointing with his long finger. He squinted and scrutinized the view in front of him without seeing anything.

“W-wuh-what? Where is it?” Bill asked and Richie was quick to shush him. Honestly, Bill wasn’t expecting the Trashmouth in person to tell him to keep quiet. Richie cupped his face gently with one hand and turned it slightly to the left, raising his chin up a little bit at the same time.

“There. See?” He whispered in his ear, so close that Bill could feel his breath tingle his skin. He shiver went down his spine, but it was weird because it was hot instead of cold. After a second, he finally saw what Richie was talking about. It was a butterfly, hovering above a flower, probably a daisy. It’s wings were a deep blue going on a paler tint in a gradation and the tips were black. It was delicate and powerful at the same time, Bill thought. Richie was right, it was beautiful. Both boys couldn’t tear their gazes away, until the butterfly flew off in their direction. Richie froze, almost stopped breathing, as the graceful insect landed on his nose. It’s fragile wings brushed softly against his cheeks as they lowered and rose. The bespectacled boy had to squint comically to try to see it and Bill giggled tenderly. Nobody had to know that he was actually staring at Richie’s impressed smile and not the butterfly. After a moment, the insect smoothly departed and Richie immediately turned his head to Bill.

“Do you know which sort it was?” He asked thoughtfully, rubbing his nose.

Bill never answered. He caught Richie’s wrist and lowered his hand away from his face. The other looked at him with a surprised expression and Bill closed the distance between them, smashing his lips against his. He thought it would’ve been weird, because their angle was not exactly ideal, and there was the shock factor too, but they fell into pace like they had done it thousands of times before. It felt natural, like it was the way it always should have been. Bill deepened the kiss and he felt the energy that always animated Richie discharge itself in his body through their kiss. He felt more alive than ever before and he wished it would never end. He brought his hand in Richie’s curls and gripped them tightly. Richie made a satisfied sound and slung his arm around Bill’s shoulders. Bill pushed them over, so Richie was laying on his back and he was just on top of him. Richie wrapped both of his legs around Bill’s waist as the boy in question tugged at his curls. Bill engraved the moment in his mind

with as much details as possible. He never wanted to forget this. He never wanted to forget the sweet taste of Richie's lips: cigarettes and vanilla ice cream. He never wanted to forget how he smelled: citrus and berries with of course still a hint of Marlboros. He never wanted to forget the sensation either: the electrical power travelling between the two of them, sparkling like fireworks. The love they were exchanging by their connected lips.

It was beautiful.

Author's Note:

Heyyy! It's me again!! Like I always say(or more write, whatever), I hope you enjoyed, and seriously, do not hesitate to leave a comment. It makes my day when I read one!! It can just be random letters, or a sound or just an emotion, and it's perfect like this. No need to write an essay XD

Thanks for reading, love you all ♥️📧